

An especially precious letter
to me from
William Lloyd Garrison

Ms. A. 1. 1 v. 7, p. 22 A

Rockledge, Sept. 21, 1866.

My darling Fanny:

If neither your mother nor I reiterate in our letters how much we yearn to see you, and how almost desolate seems our house without your brightening presence, it is because we fear such expressions would give dear Harry uneasiness, if not yourself. Yet it seems very formidable to us to think of a whole year from this time passing away before we shall have the happiness to embrace you; and if Franky shall leave us to join you and Harry, (and he will do so if you advise his coming, for we do not as yet know your minds about it,) we shall experience a double bereavement.

Nevertheless, in your happiness and his our own is bound up in large measure; and we desire to do all in our power to further your enjoyment and interest, even to the placing of an ocean between us.

As for myself, I am getting somewhat relieved of my pains; but not quite to the extent you might infer from Franky's statement of my case. I have not taken any Turkish baths since I last wrote, but have substituted magnetic treatment at the hands of Mrs. Wyman, a "healing medium." Thus far the experiment appears to work favorably, though, so great an injury has been done to my shoulder that it must be a question of time as to my complete restoration!

Six months have elapsed since my last fall,
and they have constituted almost an entire blank in
my life; for, during that time, I have written nothing
for the public eye, and only a few epistolary notes,
the pains in my arm having been so constant
and cutting. Consequently, it has been all outgo,
and no income, in addition to doctors' bills for
your mother as well as myself. I hope soon,
however, to be able to write for the Independent, as
formerly, and perhaps occasionally for other papers.
I have had to decline all the lecturing overtures that
have been made to me, not being in a mental or
bodily condition to enter into any engagements. —
In these disabled circumstances, it is fortunate that
the "Testimonial" has been projected, though but little
has been added to ^{it} since you left. The sum thus far
raised probably does not exceed ten or twelve thousand
and dollars, and until the new year arrives, (in
consequence of the immense sums to be raised and
expended for political purposes this fall,) little
will be done to swell the amount. I doubt if in
the end, more than fifteen of the proposed fifty
thousand will be raised. Dear Mrs. Nichol
(Elizabeth Pease) has forwarded one hundred
pounds sterling to Mr. May as her unsolicited
donation, on which he obtained six hundred
and eighty-eight dollars — the largest subscription
that has yet been made. How characteristically
kind and generous!

Of course, I have done nothing, as yet, upon my projected History of the Anti-Slavery Struggle. Tell Harry that I do not feel drawn to writing it, for some reason or other; though I mean to give it my serious consideration as soon as my arm is in working order. I see that Ticknor & Fields advertise it as in the press in each of "Every Saturday"! Without any affectation of modesty, it seems to me as if I ought not to undertake the task, seeing how closely I stood to the Anti-Slavery cause as its pioneer and prominent advocate. But, with renewed health, I may feel in a very different mood.

George Thompson has been poorly in health the past summer, but is now somewhat better. We have both become acquainted with a remarkable medium, and have received (tell Harry not to laugh, or be incredulous!) some interesting "communications" and satisfactory "tests." On the 16th inst., the medium was at our house, and said she saw you on that day (not at Zurich but some other place) writing a letter, with reference to Franky's joining you — Harry standing by your side! Let us know where you were about that time, making proper allowance for difference of latitude. I need not say, that as soon as we hear from you, that you both think it well for Franky to be near you, no time will be lost in sending him.

Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Brigham are constant in their inquiries about you, and none take a more lively interest in your welfare and happiness. Iora is the delight of your mother in frequently sending her choice specimens of fruit, upon which she would be content to live almost to the exclusion of every other kind of food.

We have cut down the tree that stood next below the great oak, making a wide opening so as to bring Mr. Cobb's lawn in full view from the window at which your mother commonly sits. Its removal makes the great oak and the mass of rocks stand out in bold relief; but whether you would consider it an improvement, I do not know. By and by we shall have a photograph taken of our place, and we must contrive to send you a copy.

Mrs. Dall called to see us yesterday, and said she was going west as far as Chicago on a lecturing excursion. She is to speak twice in Rev. Mr. Collyer's pulpit.

I need not write to you about the President's disgraceful tour. He has shown himself to be a blackguard, bully, and itinerating demagogue, "scattering firebrands, arrows and death" in his path; but, luckily, he has caused a tremendous reaction in public sentiment, and the skies look brighter.

Tell Harry he is in the care of our hearts, and we send him all possible loving regards.

Adieu, darling! Your loving Father.